THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 14, 1801.

Memoirs of Prince Pignatelli, late Viceroy of Naples.

(Concluded from Page 451.)

WE find that M. Pignatelli, being aware that the body of Cadetti, of which he was director, was not likely to laſt long, and having no proſpect of continuing in the favour of the court by that means, he fought for others. From the year 1775 to 1780, he projected ſeveral public and private buildings for the ſervice of the court and the ſtate; the moſt capital of which was the magazine, erected on the ſea-ſhore, beyond Magdalen's Bridge, in Naples, intended as a warehouſe for the city, as well as for a repoſitory of naval and military ſtores. The building is immenſe, and ſecond to none in Naples, but to the General-Hoſpital. It is, however, ſo diſproportioned in length, height, and breadth, as to diſguſt a man of taſte at the very firſt view. This diſproportion is ſo conſpicuous, even in the doors, windows, and apartments, as to give to the building no character at all; and were an informed traveller to judge of it only by the ſtyle or the appearance, he would be at a loſs to gueſs whether it is a palace, a court of juſtice, an hoſpital, a warehouſe, or a jail! The inſide is, if poſſible, more defective: no regular diſtribution of rooms, no eaſy communication between the ſeveral apartments, no part perfectly connected with each other, and, what is more ſhocking, the whole interſected with long and narrow galleries, or corridores, which would be ſcarcely tolerated in a convent of Capuchins! The view of ſuch corridores is ſo gloomy and uncomfortable, that the noted ſcurrilous philoſopher, the Abbé Galiana, could juſtly affirm that, "when he wanted to ſet his mind on religious meditations, he would take a walk either under the grotto of Puzzuoli, or under the galleries of Pignatelli's warehouſe."

During theſe tranſactions, Prince Pignatelli was preferred, by degrees, to the ranks of brigadier and field-marſhal; and the latter was his condition in the beginning of the year 1783, when the ever memorable earthquake took place in Calabria. He was ſent there as a vicegerent and repreſentative of his majeſty to relieve the diſtreſſed province, and took with him ſome officers belonging to the impure remnants of the body of the Battaglione, who were intended as his agents in the ſeveral diſtricts. Were the Neapolitan nation at large more informed than it is; or, at leaſt, were it leſs careleſs of the public proſperity, this very moment would have enabled it to appreciate M. Pignatelli's juſt value. The officers under his command in Calabria rendered themſelves guilty of the greateſt enormities, both from ignorance and wickedneſs. Violences and depredations were ſo widely and ſyſtematically committed, that the poor Calabreſe conſidered the miſſion of M. Pignatelli as a greater calamity to their unfortunate country than the dreadful earthquake which had lately deſolated it!

He himſelf was guilty of no rapacity, nor of any intentional oppreſſions; however, he was of a deſpotic and ambitious temper; and, on the other ſide, deſtitute both of law and hiſtory. He occaſioned, from ſuch diſqualifications, as many diſtreſſes, at leaſt, as his inferior agents from their calculated crimes. The court being ſenſible that he might commit ſome errors for want of legal knowledge, gave him an aſſeſſor taken from the body of magiſtracy. This election fell on M. Vanvitelli, chief of the provincial tribunal of Catanzaro, one of the beſt magiſtrates in the kingdom, if not from extenſive learning, from clearneſs of conception, aſſiduity of labour, ſobriety of manners, and love of juſtice. He proved, indeed, a temporary check to deſpotic preſumption. But the vicegerent was too powerful not to get rid of him. A few months after his appointment, he repreſented to the court his great abilities and ſignal ſervices, and ſolicited for him, as a reward, a preferment in the ſupreme courts of juſtice in the metropolis: ſtating, at the ſame time, that he had met with, among the inferior aſſeſſors of his agents, a very eminent civilian, whom he deſigned to be his ſucceſſor.

The court fell into the ſnare. M. Vanvitelli was ſoon promoted to the metropolis, and M. Zurlo was appointed his ſucceſſor in the aſſeſſorſhip of the vicegerent. This Zurlo was a young man who had never been at the bar; he was a native of a ſmall village in the neighbourhood of Campo Baſſo, and of an obſcure extraction. He had been brought to Naples in order to ſtudy the law, but he never ſo much as took the trouble of reading the elements of it. He was noted for indolence and idleneſs to ſuch a degree as to prefer poverty and diſtreſs to any thing like labour. He was, on the other hand, ambitious, cunning, inveſtigating, intriguing, and aſſumed airs of importance,

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by converſing with literary men, to whoſe ſociety he was indebted for a ſuperficial, unconnected, and deſultory information, ten times more dangerous than ignorance. In the courſe of his excurſions, he met with an officer of the name of Micherou, more ignorant than himſelf, and, happily for him, leſs malicious. With this officer, he repaired to Calabria, and by this means he was noticed by M. Pignatelli! This was the eminent civilian.

One of the projects now upon the carpet for the regeneration of Calabria, was the ſuppreſſion of all convents fallen a prey to the earthquake! This was certainly an exorbitant meaſure, as it implied the confiſcation of their eſtates, which had been held until then by as good titles as any ſecular proprietory. The prince was zealous for the intereſt of the treaſury, whilſt he feared to give any offence to the ſee of Rome. He prevailed on the court to ſuppreſs the convents, with the approbation of his holineſs, and he ſet off himſelf for Rome, as an extraordinary ambaſſador, for the purpoſe. This was one of the moſt remarkable abſurdities and contradictions lately exhibited by the government of Naples! Whilſt the active platoon of lawyers and canoniſts, under the protection of the miniſter for eccleſiaſtical affairs, were ſtruggling for the ſupport of the royal prerogatives upon the eccleſiaſtical diſcipline in the kingdom, and ſo many fatal blows had already been given by their Philippics to the court of Rome, a vicegerent of his majeſty, with the approbaion of the miniſter of war, goes to Rome, acknowledges its authority as paramount to the royal juriſdiction, and gives of courſe an implicit diſavowal to his colleagues in the government!

On the other hand, the apointment of M. Zurlo to the aſſeſſorſhip fully anſwered the purpoſe! He was the meaneſt and moſt devoted flatterer of the vicegerent; whatever the latter was doing, he approved! He made it his ſole ſtudy how to indulge his maſter in every act of ambition and deſpotiſm; and, at laſt, he was rewarded for his meanneſs, by being promoted to the ſupreme magiſtracy of the metropolis! Theſe two things rendered M. Pignatelli utterly odious to the Neapolitan lawyers. They conſidered him as a man who betrayed the rights of his ſovereign, in going to Rome, and aſking from the Pope the permiſſion of exerciſing one of the innate prerogatives of the crown for which they were actually ſtruggling, and who had defiled the ſanctuary of laws by introducing into it ſuch an unworthy man as M. Zurlo, who, in the happier days of their profeſſion, would not have been a ſerjeant at mace! The gentlemen of the bar were perhaps wrong in the former of their complaints, as it was better to bring about a violent eccleſiaſtical reform, with the conſent of the chief of the church, obtained in a gentleman like way, than to expoſe it to murmurs of one ſide, and to chicanery on the other. In the latter, however, they

were altogether right; for it was ſhocking and ſcandalous that a young man under thirty, who had never been able to write an affidavit, ſhould be ſuddenly raiſed to the higheſt juridical dignities in the kingdom!

In the year 1784, M. Pignatelli was ſent as extraordinary ambaſſador to Spain, for the purpoſe of trying to reſtore the good underſtanding between the two courts, then ſuſpended by family diſſention. At his return, he was preferred to the rank of lieutenant-general: in the year 1789, he was appointed Preſident of the Military Tribunal: in 1790 Commander of the Citadel of St. Elmo; and, in the year 1795, Extraordinary Civil and Military Governor of the city of Naples. We preſume that he had occupied no other places before his late appointment as a viceroy of the kingdom at the time of the French aggreſſion.

"The revolution (ſays Mallet du Pan very properly) has reduced the ſtateſmen and rulers of Europe to their juſt ſtandard. It has proved that the world was in general governed by routine. Had not the French attacked the kingdom of Naples, M. Pignatelli would, in all probability, have preſerved his reputation among the common people, and his inſufficiency would ſtill have remained a ſecret with the well-informed perſons in the Two Sicilies. That extraordinary event has rendered him contemptible to all Europe. Intruſted by his ſovereign with the defence of the kingdom to the laſt extremity, and receiving expreſs inſtructions that, in caſe every defence proved ineffectual, he ſhould retire with the troops towards Calabria, he made bold to violate the commands of his maſter, to conclude an armiſtice, and to deliver to the enemy ſeveral unconquered provinces, and the ſtrong place of Capua, the only bulwark of the metropolis! And to what? To the French, who were become another name for intrigue, perfidiouſneſs, and treachery!

The devaſtation of Naples was the reſult of the armiſtice! The writer remarked, in the anſwer of his Sicilian Majeſty to the Viceroy Pignatelli, a ſentence which opened to him a large field for reflection—"You may imagine (ſaid his majeſty) how I am incenſed againſt your perfidious adviſers!!! This ſentence made him ſuſpect that the prince was ſtill under the counſel and direction of his favourite magiſtrate Zurlo, imbued perhaps with Jacobinical principles, and that this impudent adviſer was the perſon alluded to in his majeſty's ſubſequent proclamation to his ſubjects. Time will unravel this ſecret. The prince is now confined, by the king's order, in the Tower of Gergenti, and moſt likely he will be brought to a trial.

Francis Pignatelli is about ſeventy years of age, tall and ſtout, dark complexion, of a forbidding look, and a ſcreaming tone of voice. He married, ſome years ago, the young Ducheſs of Maddaloni,

Maddaloni, who had been divorced from her firſt huſband. This lady being heireſs of an immenſe fortune he is likely to become as rich as any other individual of his illuſtrious family.

Deſcription of the landing of the Britiſh Troops in Egypt.

[From Baldwin's Political Recollections relative to Egypt.]

THE orders were given. The men were to be in the boats by two o'clock in the morning of the 8th (March, 1801); and upon the ſignal of a rocket fired into the air from the admiral's ſhip, the whole were to be put off toward the ſhore.

The rendezvous was appointed to be within the armed veſſels ſtationed to cover the landing; and here the boats were to form, and take their order for proceeding to the ſhore.

The poſition of this rendezvous relatively to the coaſt, or ſite appointed for the general diſembarkation, may be deſcribed to be within the arch of a circle, whoſe baſe, on a line (of about three miles in length) drawn from one extremity to the other, would be about a mile from the ſhore.

Within the line repreſenting the baſe, were ſtationed the brigs of war and bomb veſſels deſtined to cover the landing. The Mondovi, commanded by Captain Stewart, was the centre ſhip of theſe; and here did I aſk leave to be, to look at this eventful ſcene.

The rocket was fired, and the boats put off from the ſhips. I ſoon after got into my boat, and on my way came up with and paſſed the whole diviſion of the army in about one hundred and fifty boats, and numbering nearly ſix thouſand men.

You will have anticipated my reflections upon this ſcene. The ſilence of the night, and the ſolemnity of the buſineſs, paſſing along a ſpace of ſix miles toward the ſhore, and amid this foreſt of ſhips, will naturally diſpoſe one to many of thoſe ſerious reflections, on the wonderful caſt and compoſition of men; which, particularly at an hour ſo full of doom to thouſands of us, will irreſiſtibly intrude upon, and poſſeſs the mind.

You ſee me in a boat, enveloped by the ſable mantle of the night, ſhrugged up to keep the cold from me; my eyes turned up to the rich beſpangled heaven of Egypt, ſeeing the wonderful hand of the Creator in every orb; his omnipotence preſent to my mind; nothing heard in this ſolemnity, but the diſmal murmur of oars, thouſands of oars dipping in the ſea, pulling eager and haſty to deſtruction! And that I ſhould be among them, amid this tumult of war! reluctant to war, and ruſhing among the foremoſt into the horrors of it! unaccountable deſtiny of man!

Ah!

Ah! but ambition muſt have bounds! If ambition were to have no bounds, ambition would overawe the world! Then who ſhall check ambition but the ſons of freedom? But who ſhall be worthy of freedom, but the virtuous? But who ſhall ſpurn at the impertinence of Gallic pride, but Engliſhmen? Then come on!—To work!

At about daylight, the whole diviſion were arrived at the rendezvous; and here they were employed arranging their military requiſites until eight. It appeared, to our impatience, long. The French poſition, fortified as it was, and defended by four thouſand men, might have reſiſted the world. I wiſh that I had talent to deſcribe it to you; for having ſeen the diſplay of its effects upon the landing, from ſo near and central a ſituation, I ought to be able to impreſs you with a proper idea of its force. The commander in chief ſaw it; but he viewed it with as much calm as the oppoſition ſeemed to be ſtern and difficult to ſurmount: and there, where there ſeemed to be moſt ſtrength, there did he determine to make his attack. I have been told, that it is the characteriſtic feature of his military life always ſo to do: and he did it—and he did well!

The hour for moving forward at length came; the whole diviſion was immediately in motion: the right wing under the fire of the caſtle of Aboukir; the centre, under a ſand-hill near ſixty yards high, in the front and centre of the French poſition; and the left wing on the right of the French, leading from the principal ſand-hill to a low point terminating at the entrance of the Aboukir lake. The ſpaces, from the extremities of the French poſition to the commanding hill in the centre, were interſperſed with inferior ſand-hills; and in the intervals between theſe ſand-hills were ſtationed infantry and artillery innumerable, to annoy us. All this ſcheme of fortification appeared to refer its bearings to the great ſand-hill in the centre, which, beſide the cannon which were mounted on it to defend it, was on account of the natural difficulty in aſcending a yielding ſoil, deemed inacceſſible.

Under this amphitheatre of hills and hillocks, forming gradations which may be compared to the ſeats in thoſe amazing ſtructures, and on which cannon at frequent diſtances all around were placed, as well as men to annoy us, did our brave army advance. Not a Frenchman was to be ſeen; not in any array, nor on the beach; but by ſtealth from their concealments. Our flat boats, with about fifty men in each, were preceded by armed launches, to check the fire of the enemy; but they ſuffered our boats unmoleſted to advance, until the whole diviſion was within the arch of the circle already deſcribed; then opened ſuch a hail-ſtorm of ſhot and ſhells of all dimenſions, from within the whole circumference of this arch, from front and flanks; ſuch a hail-ſtorm, I ſay (for whoever ſaw the effects of a moſt dreadful

hail-ſtorm upon the water, can alone conceive an idea of it), of ſhot and ſhells upon our boats, as nothing but the intermediate hand of Providence could ſave from total ſubmerſion.

Let a man figure to himſelf the effect of a ſingle ſhell ſtriking the water near a boat, and the columns of water it daſhes into the air before it, and then repreſent to himſelf the millions of theſe ſhot and ſhells, falling all around and among our army of boats, in quantity like hail; then be aſſured that only one of this ocean of boats was materially hurt by the percuſſion of a ſhell; and that none were ſubmerſed by the inundation of water upon them; and then let him ſay, if any thing but the intermediate hand of Providence could have ſaved them.

And let him conſider, that under this ſtorm, which is only conſidered as to its real effects; under this inceſſant ſtorm of ſhot and ſhells, and grape and miſſile of every denomination, filling the air with cloud, and ſulphur, and fire, and thunder, and ſmoke, and all the horrors of damnation fulminating about them, did our brave army advance: yes! advance! But how advance? Cooped up in boats like ſheep; their hands acroſs upon their breaſts; inactive, not inſenſible of the dreadful lot to which every man was helpleſsly expoſed: ſtill undaunted, undauntedly advance; and intrepid and impatient, gain at length the ſhore.

There was, however, a moment in this proceeding like a pauſe, a very awful moment; it was the moment which coſt Major Ogle his life. I ſaw it from the poop of the Mondovi; and from the painful feeling it gave me, I felt myſelf ſhrinking from the horror of the ſcene: it was that point when

——" Gone ſo deep in gore,
" As dangerous to retreat as wade quite o'er."

I could not conceive the reaſon of this pauſe. I was trembling at the precipice which it preſented to our affairs; when obſerving the beach, I fancied that I ſaw ſame of our men on ſhore: I was ſeized with a convulſion of joy; I ſhouted—" They are on ſhore! huzza, my boys, they are on ſhore!" And all our ſhip's company huzzaed; and ſo the next; and ſo the boats: it had the effect of wildfire; it caught like an electric ſhock; the whole army ſhouted—" huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!" and on ſhore they went.

On landing, the enemy poured down in torrents to the beach; they even ruſhed into the ſea, and killed our men in the boats; but our brave fellows were not to be overcome. They formed ſteadily as they kept jumping on ſhore, and fought under this diſadvantage like lions. They were charged by a body of cavalry; they broke this charge, and receiving continual ſuccours from the boats, they forced the enemy to give ground.

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It was at this moment of time that our right had gained the hill; for although there muſt be ſome diſtance in the deſcription, there was very little in the time of the actions. The French troops perceived it; and, ſenſible of the check they were under by this event, were forced immediately to think of a retreat.

Not more than two thouſand of our men were on ſhore, when they forced the enemy to give ground: but every ſtep was fought; was gained. And, at length, a victory (which will give a character to our army for conſtancy, reſolution, ardour, intrepidity, and valour, never to be obliterated) crowned their brow with honour.

GENERAL REVIEW *of* POLITICS,

For November, 1801.

FRANCE.

THE peace has undoubtedly been not leſs popular in France than in England: of this an unequivocal proof is the favourable reception given to an Engliſh Miniſter. Lord Cornwallis was conducted to Boulogne from Calais by Ferrand, General of Brigade, commanding on the coaſt of the department of Calais, at the head of a numerous eſcort. His excellency invited Ferrand to ſupper at Boulogne. His lordſhip ſlept one night at Amiens, at the houſe taken for him during his reſidence at the congreſs. About two poſts from Paris, Lord Cornwallis was met by Mr. Merry, with whom he entered Paris in his chariot and four. The other carriages followed, eſcorted by one hundred and fifty of the fineſt huſſars in the French ſervice. The Pariſians had previous notice of his arrival, and the ſtreets were lined with people.

The French *fete* in honour of the peace took place on the 9th of November at Paris, with all the brilliancy that was to be expected. On the Pont Neuf was raiſed a magnificent triumphal arch. Oppoſite to the port of St. Nicholas was a temple dedicated to commerce, and built on boats tied together and boarded over. Fire-works were let off from boats placed by the ſide of this temple. The arches on the Pont Neuf were covered with circular frames, loaded with variegated lamps. The elegant baths of Vigier added to this illumination a picturеſque effect. Farther on appeared the Altar of the Invalids, at the gate of which had been raiſed a triumphal arch, decorated with antique crowns. From the baſement was hung a globe, beſpangled with ſtars; and a frame, placed above the key-ſtone of the arch, exhibited in letters of fire, of prodigious dimenſion, the name of Bonaparte. Four pyramids were diſplayed along the front.—

Near the Place de Concorde an immenſe theatre was conſtructed, on which was elevated the Temple of Peace, the ſame which was raiſed on the 14th of July, on one of the ſquares of the interior of the Champs Elyſees. It was ſupported by ninety-four columns of the Ionic order, diſpoſed in a right angle of ten to ſixteen. Two other temples, on a ſmaller ſcale, were erected beſide that of peace. On both ſides of the grand alley of the Thuilleries were raiſed arcades, with their ſub-baſements. The octagonal baſon was illuminated in all its circumference.

From Berlin it was reported, about the beginning of November, that, in conſequence of the reſtoration of peace betwixt Great Britain and France, the motives which led to the poſſeſſion of Hanover no longer exiſting, his Majeſty had agreed immediately to evacuate that electorate. In conſequence of this reſolution, orders were to be forwarded without delay to the commander of the Pruſſian troops to withdraw from the Hanoverian territories. According to the ſame accounts, the courts of London and Berlin were likely to enter on negociations for the removal of every difference which might for the preſent exiſt.

SWITZERLAND.

The diſcuſſions on the new conſtitution of Switzerland commenced at Berne on the 29th of September; and the following articles were accepted by a majority of 60 voices againſt 16:—

Firſt, the integrity of Helvetia is a fundamental article of the Helvetic conſtitution. Second, the Helvetic republic forms only one ſtate, its territory is divided into cantons. Third, there is one right of Helvetic citizenſhip; there are no political rights of citizens relative to diſtinct cantons.

The queſtion relative to the ceſſion of the territories of the Valais was likewiſe diſcuſſed, and after a long debate it was reſolved by 34 voices againſt 7—"That the whole canton of Valais ſhould appertain to Helvetia, and not be ceded unleſs France ſhould take poſſeſſion of it by force."

On the 30th of September the diet came to the following reſolution:—"The ſupreme power ſhall be exerciſed by a diet and a ſenate, in the name of the Helvetic people." The Paris papers, however, to the 4th of November aſſert, that the Helvetic diet has been diſſolved juſt after it had completed the conſtitution, and appointed the members to the ſenate. All its proceedings have been declared null, and the old legiſlative body, taking the reins of government into their hands, have appointed a proviſional executive government, and reſtored the conſtitution agreed to in May laſt.

Accounts from Berne ſtate that the antient Swiſs cantons, Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden, have ſent a deputation to Paris, to conjure Bonaparte, by the names of Tell and Winelred, to protect them in their antient conſtitution, under which alone they

can enjoy tranquillity and happineſs. The accounts from the ſame place of the 7th of November ſtate, that the greater part of the members of the diet have returned to their homes. The public tranquillity has not any where been diſturbed. The Helvetic troops have already quitted the ſmall cantons. They are on their return to Lucerne. The Helvetic ſenate is conſtituted, and Dolder is appointed preſident.

BATAVIAN REPUBLIC.

The Batavian council of regency have elected the new legiſlative body, almoſt all of whom belonged to the former legiſlation. They are to proceed immediately to the organization of the inferior departments of the government. This change of conſtitution continues to be received with complete apathy.

WEST INDIES.

Citizen Vincent, chief of brigade, and director of the corps of engineers at St. Domingo, arrived at Paris in the beginning of October. He was the bearer of many letters from Touſſaint L'Ouverture, and an official copy of the conſtitution that was tranſmitted for the approbation of the parent country. This plan was within a few days to be ſubmitted to the conſideration of the council of ſtate. Citizen Vincent gives the moſt ſatisfactory details of the ſtate of cultivation in the colony.

EGYPT.

Official accounts came from Egypt on the 14th of November, with the final account of the conqueſt of that country, which, although from the event of peace, is not ſo intereſting as they would formerly have been, will be read with ſatisfaction, as the termination of an expedition which has been highly honourable to the Britiſh arms.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Peace having returned into the boſom of thoſe nations which had been diſtracted with the din and confuſion of war, events are leſs numerous, and of leſs notoriety. It is, however, with greater pleaſure, that we detail the leſs clamorous events of tranquillity which are now deſtined to bleſs our country.

The miſſion of Lord Cornwallis, to ſettle, on our part, the definitive treaty at Amiens, ſeems to have engaged, in a very conſiderable degree, the public attention. The preparations for his departure have been great, and no expence has been ſpared to render his embaſſy honourable to Great Britain. His reception in France has been extremely flattering by perſons of all deſcriptions. Bonaparte has ſhewn him great attention.—The manner in which he has been treated muſt tend to baniſh that mutual hatred which has too long ſubſiſted between thoſe two great nations.

tions. We are in hopes, indeed, that both parties will conduct themſelves towards each other with increaſing regard and humanity.

Although the meaſures of Mr. Addington and his colleagues meet with ſo little oppoſition, that few diviſions have taken place on important ſubjects, yet there exiſt three parties. The firſt conſiſts of Lord Grenville, the Marquis of Buckingham, Mr. Windham, &c. who condemned the peace altogether, in terms of great ſeverity. The ſecond conſiſts of Lord Hawkeſbury, Mr. Addington, Mr. Pitt, &c. who contend ſtrongly in behalf of the peace, and extol the terms on which it has been accompliſhed. The third party is made up of Mr. Fox and his friends, who approve of the peace, but inſiſt that it might have been made on much better conditions at a former period. Such are the different and contradictory opinions by which the great council of the nation ſtands divided. For our own part, waving all political conjectures, we are perſuaded that the peace muſt be pronounced an ineſtimable bleſſing to this nation.—May the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, experience every poſſible good which can reſult from it, down to lateſt poſterity!

Monday the 9th of November, being Lord Mayor's-day, was celebrated with unuſual magnificence. Sir John Eamer, notwithſtanding "theſe piping times of peace," thought it his duty as a ſoldier, to revive the cuſtom of exhibiting a man in armour; and to improve on ancient cuſtom, three others in armour accompanied him on foot. A dragoon undertook to be the champion, and he was fitted with the armour of William the Conqueror from the Tower. Sir John's corps likewiſe attended to do him honour. The dinner was ſumptuous, and had every juſtice done to it by the numerous gueſts. The late lord-mayor was received by the people with juſt and well-earned marks of affection. They took the horſes from his carriage at Blackfriar's-bridge, and drew him to Guildhall. They paid the ſame mark of reſpect to his independent and popular predeceſſor, Alderman Combe, whoſe horſes they alſo took out, and drew him in ſtate to the hall.

Mr. Addington and Citizen Otto were received with the moſt rapturous burſts of applauſe. Neither Mr. Pitt, Mr. Windham, Lord Grenville, nor Mr. Dundas attended.

FORESTER, A PRINTER.

[From Moral Tales, by Miſs Edgeworth.]

BEFORE we commence this extract, we ſhall give our readers the author's own deſcription of the character before us.

"Foreſter," ſays ſhe "is the picture of an eccentric character—a young man, who ſcorns the common forms and dependencies of civilized ſociety; and who, full of viſionary ſchemes of benevolence and happineſs, might, by improper management, or unlucky circumſtances, have become a fanatic and a criminal."

The generous and enthuſiaſtic imagination of Foreſter ſupplied him with elegant invectives againſt human nature, even whilſt he ardently deſired to ſerve his fellow creatures. He wandered through the ſtreets of Edinburgh, indulging himſelf alternately in miſanthropic reflections and benevolent projects. One inſtant, he reſolved to ſtudy the law, that he might reform the revenue laws; the next moment, he recollected his old paſſion for a deſert iſland: and he regretted, that he could not be ſhipwrecked in Edinburgh.

The ſound of a ſqueaking fiddle rouſed Foreſter from his reverie; he looked up, and ſaw a thin, pale man, fiddling to a ſet of dancing dogs, that he was exhibiting upon the flags for the amuſement of a crowd of men, women, and children. It was a deplorable ſpectacle; the dogs appeared ſo wretched, in the midſt of the merriment of the ſpectators, that Foreſter's compaſſion was moved, and he exclaimed—

"Enough, enough!—They are quite tired; here are ſome halfpence!"

The ſhowman took the halfpence; but ſeveral freſh ſpectators were yet to ſee the ſight; and though the exhauſted animals were but little inclined to perform their antic feats, their maſter twitched the rope, that was faſtened round their necks, ſo violently, that they were compelled to renew their melancholy dance.

Foreſter darted forward, ſtopped the fidler's hand, and began an expoſtulation, not one word of which was underſtood by the perſon to whom it was addreſſed. A ſtout lad, who was very impatient at this interruption of his diverſion, began to abuſe Foreſter, and preſently from words he proceeded to blows.

Foreſter, though a better orator, was by no means ſo able a boxer as his opponent. The battle was obſtinately fought on both ſides; but, at length, our young Quixote received what has no name in heroic language, but in the vulgar tongue is called a black eye; and, covered with blood and bruiſes, he was carried by ſome humane paſſenger into a neighbouring houſe. It was a printer and bookſeller's ſhop. The bookſeller treated him with humanity; and, after adviſing him not to be ſo haſtily engaged, to be the champion of dancing dogs, inquired who he was, and whether he had any friends in Edinburgh, to whom he could ſend.

This

This printer, from having been accuſtomed to converſe with variety of people, was a good judge of the language of gentlemen; and though there was nothing elſe in Foreſter's manners, which could have betrayed him, he ſpoke in ſuch good language that the bookſeller was certain that he had received a liberal education.

Our hero declined telling his hiſtory; but the printer was ſo well pleaſed with his converſation, that he readily agreed to give him employment; and, as ſoon as he was recovered from his bruizes, Foreſter was eager to learn the art of printing.

"The art of printing," ſaid he, "has emancipated mankind, and printers ought to be conſidered as the moſt reſpectable benefactors of the human race."

Always warm in his admiration of every new phantom, that ſtruck his imagination, he was now perſuaded that printers' devils were angels, and that he ſhould be ſupremely bleſſed in a printer's workſhop.

"What employment ſo noble!" ſaid he, as he firſt took the compoſing-ſtick in his hand; "what employment ſo noble, as that of diſſeminating knowledge over the univerſe!"

It was ſome time before our hero acquired dexterity in his new trade: his companions formed, with amazing celerity, whole ſentences, whilſt he was ſearching for letters, which perpetually dropped from his awkward hands; but he was aſhamed of his former verſatility, and he reſolved to be ſteady to his preſent way of life.—His ſituation, at this printer's, was far better ſuited to him, than that which he had quitted with ſo much diſguſt, at the brewer's. He roſe early; and, by great induſtry, overcame all the difficulties which at firſt ſo much alarmed him. He ſoon became the moſt uſeful apprentice in the office. His diligence and good behaviour recommended him to his maſter's employers. Whenever any work was brought, Foreſter was ſent for. This occaſioned him to be much in the ſhop, where he heard the converſation of many ingenious men, who frequented it; and he ſpent his evenings in reading. His underſtanding had been of late uncultivated; but the freſh ſeeds that were now profuſely ſcattered upon the vigorous ſoil, took root, and flouriſhed.

Foreſter was juſt at that time of life, when opinions are valued for being new; he heard varieties of the moſt contradictory aſſertions, in morals, in medicine, in politics. It is a great advantage to a young man to hear oppoſite arguments; to hear all that can be ſaid upon every ſubject.

Foreſter no longer obſtinately adhered to the ſet of notions, which he had acquired from his education: he heard many, whom he could not think his inferiors in abilities, debating queſtions, which he formerly imagined ſcarcely admitted of philoſophic doubt. His mind became more humble; but his confi-

dence

dence in his own powers, after having compared himſelf with numbers, if leſs arrogant, was more ſecure and rational: he no longer conſidered a man as a fool, the moment he differed with him in opinion; but he was ſtill a little inclined to eſtimate the abilities of authors by the party to which they belonged. This failing was increaſed, rather than diminiſhed, by the company which he now kept.

Amongſt the young ſtudents who frequented Mr. ———'s, the bookſeller, was Mr. Thomas ——, who from his habit of *blurting* out ſtrange opinions in converſation, acquired the name of Tom Random. His head was confuſed between politics and poetry; his arguments were paradoxical, his diction florid, and his geſture ſomething between the ſpouting action of a player, and the threatening action of a pugiliſt.

Foreſter was immediately caught by the oratory of this genius, from the firſt day he heard him ſpeak.

Tom Random aſſerted, that " this great globe, and all that it inhabits," muſt inevitably be doomed to deſtruction, unleſs certain ideas of his own, in the government of the world, were immediately adopted by univerſal acclamation.

It was not approbation, it was not eſteem, which Foreſter felt for his new friend; it was for the firſt week blind, enthuſiaſtic admiration—every thing that he had ſeen or heard before appeared to him trite and obſolete; every perſon, who ſpoke temperate common ſenſe, he heard with indifference or contempt; and all who were not zealots in literature, or in politics, he conſidered as perſons, whoſe underſtandings were ſo narrow, or whoſe hearts were ſo depraved, as to render them " unfit to hear themſelves convinced."

Thoſe who read, and converſe, have a double chance of correcting their errors.

Foreſter, moſt fortunately, about this time, happened to meet with a book, which in ſome degree counteracted the inflammatory effects of Random's converſation, and which had a happy tendency to ſober his enthuſiaſm, without leſſening his propenſity to uſeful exertions. This book was the life of Dr. Franklin.

The idea, that this great man began by being a printer, intereſted our hero in his hiſtory; and whilſt he followed him, ſtep by ſtep, through his inſtructing narrative, Foreſter ſympathized in his feelings, and obſerved how neceſſary the ſmaller virtues of order, economy, induſtry, and patience, were to Franklin's great character and ſplendid ſucceſs. He began to hope, that it would be poſſible to do good to his fellow-creature, without overturning all exiſting inſtitutions.

(To be continued.)

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman on a Tour through Greece.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

FROM Venice we proceeded on board a Sclavonian ſhip to Cattaro, and along the whole of the Adriatic coaſt, caſting anchor, as it is uſual with theſe coaſting veſſels, in almoſt every harbour. We thus ſpent a whole month before we arrived at Corfu, where we were received with the greateſt diſtinction by the ſenate of that little republic, and were treated with reſpect by all parties, notwithſtanding the violent fermentation then exiſting among the people, who inſiſted on the nobilities' being deprived of their titles and privileges. Five Ruſſian and three Turkiſh ſhips were lying in the road; the latter we frequently viſited, and found here, and indeed throughout our whole journey through Greece, the Turks moſt obligingly polite, and willing to rendes us every ſervice in their power. At preſent, indeed, every Engliſhman is looked upon by them as a kind of demi-god.

From Corfu we went in a boat to St. Mauro, where a houſe and a guard of honour had been prepared for us by order of the ſenate of Corfu. In Nicopolis we found the pacha extremely polite and friendly, and we ſtill carry on an epiſtolary correſpondence with him. We took a view of the celebrated Leucadean Rock, and by meaſuring its height with the eye eaſily convinced ourſelves, that whoever takes a leap from it will be freed for ever from the cares that imbitter life.

From Nicopolis we proceeded to Ithaca, where we lodged in the houſe of Dr. Zaro, a phyſician. Ithaca is truly a wretched country; but has five or ſix excellent anchorage-places. Thence we went to Patraſs, [*Naupactus*] where all the remains of ancient monuments and edifices have long ago been either burnt to lime, or uſed in building modern houſes. We were treated with the greateſt politeneſs by the Turkiſh Governor, and conducted to the two caſtles, which ſhould defend the bay of Corinth, but we ſaw no other ammunition except ſtones, which were laid in heaps near the quite unſerviceable cannon. Though they were daily expecting a viſit from the French, no preparations were making to give them a proper reception. At Delphi, whither we journeyed from Patraſs, we ſaw, beſides ſome old walls and the romantic rocks of Parnaſſus, nothing except the bath of the Pythia, which is in a good ſtate of preſervation.

At Thebes there are ſome remains of gates, but no other antiquities. The aga invited us every day to his garden, and furniſhed us with horſes, ſheep and rice, without accepting any thing in return. From Thebes we proceeded to Athens: this

part

part of our journey was extremely fatiguing. The country, juſt before we deſcended into the plain of Athens, has a very picturesque appearance. The beauties of the city and citadel are ſo numerous that they are beyond my power to deſcribe. The Temple of Jupiter Olympus, raiſed on pillars 16 feet in height, and the Temple of Minerva, in the caſtle, excite aſtoniſhment in the admiring ſpectator. Here too we daily receive proofs that this is the auſpicious moment for Engliſhmen to travel in Greece: the reſpect ſhewn us by the Turks is boundleſs. But the climate is, at this ſeaſon of the year, extremely diſagreeable. Of the 24 hours there are at moſt two, during which we can venture to take a walk, early in the morning, at five, and about ſeven o'clock in the evening.

Lord Elgin has ſent hither, from Conſtantinople, ſeveral artiſts who are now employed in examining the Temple of Theſeus, in the citadel. Since our arrival, they have dug up almoſt all the relievoes and figures, which once ornamented the friezes of the Temple of Minerva. As they have juſt met with ſome broken-off horſes-feet, we are in hopes that they will find the celebrated horſes belonging to the chariot of Minerva, which the antients aſcribed to Phidias or Praxiteles. Theſe, all inſcriptions, and other intereſting remains of antiquity which can be removed, are carefully packed up, and ſent to England. Here they would only be thrown into the lime-kiln. Every thing is good here except the climate, whoſe undeſcribable heat obliges us to be almoſt the whole day in the bath: and except the wine. That which grows here is not drinkable, and from the iſlands none can be procured. But every thing, however, is very cheap. How flouriſhing a country might this become!

OBSERVATIONS *on* CRIMES.

HUMANITY has been diſgraced by an infinite variety of crimes. Of theſe thoſe are the worſt which are dictated by deliberate malice, and an inſatiate cruelty, and which demonſtrate a heart callous to the beſt and moſt virtuous feelings.

There are crimes which become innocent, and even glorious, through their ſplendour, number, and exceſs. Hence it is that public theft is called addreſs; and to ſeize on provinces unjuſtly, to make conqueſts.

We eaſily forget crimes that are known only to ourſelves.

There are people of whom we never believe ill till we ſee it; but there are none in whom we ought to be ſurpriſed to ſee it.

Thoſe who are themſelves incapable of great crimes, do not readily ſuſpect others of them.

Copy of Sanderſon's, the Queen's Conjurer's Painting, which is exhibited at all the Fairs, &c. &c.

JEST ARived From London A New Exebeticion Naver Seene *here* bee Fore Porformed. by Mr. Sandarſon The Quenn Congarer. he Porforms veairious. Trickes. of The Dexteratey Of hand New and Conirious. ALL. So. A. PLeeſing Song by Mrs. SANDARSON. and Admariel Nalſons Victioury Defeated the French Fleet at *the Mouth* of the Nile? PART IV. Will be represented Les Ombref Chinese. or Chinese Shaeds Conſiſting Of Hornpipe Dancing and Rope Dancing With Mewcickell and Pantemenickell Exebitecon. With. a Variatey Of Othar Porfrmances to tejese to Menchan.

ACCOUNT *of the* FIRST PAPER-MILL.

A Paper-mill which ſtands not far from Dartford, in Kent, to the ſouth, is ſuppoſed to have been the firſt of the kind in the kingdom. It was erected by John Spilman, a perſon of German extraction, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who granted him a licence for the ſole gathering of all rags, &c. during ten years, neceſſary for the making of writing-paper. That this, however, was the firſt mill of the kind in England has been queſtioned, ſince it is ſaid that paper uſed in a book printed ſo far back as the year 1494, was made by John Tate, junior, of Hertford. Be this as it may, the commodity is of unqueſtionable and great utility, though, like other good things, it has too often been perverted to the moſt pernicious purpoſes.

Anſwer, by J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtle, to W. Johnſon's Queſtion, inſerted Auguſt 10.

IF x, y, and z, repreſent the three numbers reſpectively, we have $y-x=z-y$, $z-y=y-x$, $x^2+y^2+z^2=3240=a$, and $8x+9y+6z=226=b$; find the value of z, and ſubſtitute it for its equal, and we get $21y-2x=b$, and $9y^2-12y^2x+\ldots yx^2=a$; from the former of theſe we have $x=\frac{21y-b}{2}$; this and its ſquare being written in the latter of theſe equations, and properly reduced, gives y in a cubic equation, that, being ſolved by converging ſeries, y will be determined: And therefore 8, 10, and 12 are the numbers ſought.—Q. E. D.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from O. Matthews, of Helſton; and J. Ninnis, of St. Agnes.

Anſwer, by W. Harris, Jun. of Exeter, to W. England's Enigma, inſerted June 15.

LIFE's but a ſpan, at moſt its pleaſures few,
A thought how ſolemn this, and yet how true!
Man, like th' EPHEMERON, juſt draws his breath,
Then ſinks t'oblivion in the ſhades of death.

†*† We have received the like anſwer from G. Coulman, Broadhempſton.

Anſwer, by J. Willcocks, Junior, of Plymouth Dock, to A. L.'s Charade, inſerted September 28.

IN your charade its plainly ſeen
A GALLEY-SLAVE is what you mean.

† We have received the like anſwer from J. Squance, H. Humphreys, S. Murch, and W. Strong, of Exeter; J. Whittle, of Upway; W. Jenkin, of Yeovil; W. Francis, of Gwennap; Serjeant Towning, of the Fivehead Volunteers; Valencourt, of Kenn; G. H. near Bridport; W. Pollard, jun. of Egloſhayle; R. Baker, of Poole; Scholaſticus, of South Molton; and W. Mann, of Aſhburton.

Anſwer, by W. Jenkin, of Yeovil, to Acaſto's Charade, inſerted September 28.

IF of your charade right I gueſs
It is a BRIDE-KNOT I confeſs.

†*† We have received the like anſwer from H. Humphreys, W. Strong, and S. Murch, of Exeter; Serjeant Towning, of the Fivehead Volunteers; A. L. of Poole; Valencourt, of Kenn; and Scholaſticus, of South Molton.

A CHARADE, *by H. Humphreys, of Exeter.*

A Colour find, ingenious bards,
Which you'll with eaſe diſplay;
Then of yourſelf a part pray take,
A bird you'll then pourtray.

A CHARADE, *by J. Tayler, of Sidbury.*

MILD, wholeſome, ſweet, and good,
My firſt is found delicious food;
My ſecond oft my firſt contains,
Ere Sol illumes the verdant plains.

My whole, ye bards, is frequent ſeen
With rural laſſes on the green.

A CHARADE, *by G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton.*

A Tree that's ever green expound,
Ye penetrating train,
An offspring alſo muſt be found,
My ſecond to explain.

When the glad tidings came of peace,
By every loyal ſwain,
My whole was worn, and all rejoic'd
Throughout Devonia's plain.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The Prayer of Thankſgiving to Almighty God for the great Bleſſing which, in his Mercy and Goodneſs, he hath vouchſafed to this Nation, in our late abundant Crop, and favourable Harveſt, attempted in Verſe.

ALMIGHTY GOD! whoſe wondrous works and ways
Thy goodneſs ſhews us, and thy pow'r diſplays.
In all thy judgments terrible—but then
In love abundant to the ſons of men.
Lands moſt productive barren lands are made,
And all the glories of the harveſt fade.
Again, the waters in the drieſt ground
Are, by thy word, in great abundance found:
The valleys alſo, at thy dread command,
With thicken'd corn of every ſpecies ſtand.
We, thy frail ſervants of this nation, now
Before thy throne in thanks and praiſes bow:
For, in thy mercy, thou haſt driven hence
The fear of famine, and of dearth, the ſenſe;
Cauſing in plenty each prolific field
Its various fruits in plenteous heaps to yield.
Thy goodneſs alſo moſt conſpicuous ſhone
In that we reap'd and ſav'd what we had ſown.

To thee, O Lord! our thankful notes we raiſe,
For not to *us* be any kind of praiſe.
We own the juſtice of thy wrath, O God!
And know thy goodneſs ſtay'ſt th' avenging rod.
Nor doſt for ſinners' death thy orders give,
But that they turn from evil ways and live.

O! give us grace thy bounteous gifts to uſe
To thy great glory, nor thoſe gifts abuſe.
May no profuſion ſtain our frugal board,
Nor ſordid gain ſeduce our hearts to hoard!
May we with lib'ral hand diſpenſe our ſtore,
And give relief and comfort to the poor!
May we remember, that abundant wealth
May give us honour, but can give no health!
We mortals cannot live by bread alone,
But by what cometh from thy heav'nly throne.
So may we while we pray for daily meat,
Our conſtant pray'rs for heav'nly bliſs repeat.

To thee, O Three in One! aſcribed be
Honour and glory to eternity.

Swimridge, November, 1801.

ADDRESS *to* ARIADNE.

'TWAS in that ſeaſon, when exhauſted grief,
From weeping vigils woo'd a ſhort relief;

When

When the torn heart, with added woe was preſs'd,
Each proſpect ſadden'd, and each hope unbleſs'd:
When ſunk in clouds, the golden orb of day
Refus'd one cheering beam to glad my way:
My lonely path was thro' the cypreſs grove,
For ſcenes like theſe the anguiſh'd mind will love;
Beſide a new-rais'd tomb that ſhrin'd a friend,
I ſaw a beauteous roſe in ſorrow bend.
With nature's tears was every leaf bedew'd,
I thought 'twas ſympathy herſelf I view'd:
I fondly kiſs'd, not rudely pluck'd the flower,
And wiſh'd I might tranſplant it to my bower.
Each morn, each eve, more lovely far it grew,
More ſweet its odour, and more freſh its hue.
Around the parent plant its fondly twin'd,
Yet, on its yielding ſtalk, it ſeem'd inclin'd,
O'ercharg'd in drooping ſadneſs, to repine,
And mix its unavailing tears with mine.
Ah! ſoon, too ſoon, the ſhort-liv'd joy was o'er,
And I beheld my fav'rite flower no more,
When ſpring returns, again my roſe ſhall bloom,
Again ſhall charm my ſenſe with its perfume.
For in thy abſence, Ariadne dear,
To me no ſeaſons change throughout the year;
For till my ſpring returns, the ſight of thee—
One long, one dreary winter will it be.

PHILO.

ADDRESS *to* OCTAVIA.

THE child of care, whom fortune's hard decree
Ordains to live, yet robs of liberty,
Surveys full oft his cell's contracted bound,
And, by ſome diſtant turret's feeble ſound,
Notes the ſlow progreſs of his waſting day,
Mourning loſt minutes as they ſteal away;
In ſad ſucceſſion, like his friends, they go,
Deaf to his plaint, and heedleſs of his woe.
Yet, even here, ſhould love exert his power,
Some golden moments may illume the hour—
One cheriſh'd tranſport yet his heart may find—
An independence, which no chain can bind;
Nor wrongs aſſail, nor ſolitude ſubdue;
His ſoul's unſhaken, be his fair one true.

When proud philoſopy aſſent would claim
That pain is fancied—pleaſure but a name,
The lover's varied ſtate, full well agreed,
To theſe aſſertions ſhall by turns accede.
For, when the ſight of her he love's denied,
Tho' free to traverſe all the globe beſide,
He turns indignant from the tempting train
Of pleaſure's ſelf, as empty, poor, and vain.
Ah! what is freedom? What the glorious height,
The world's a priſon, and his noon-day night!
But once reſtor'd to her, his doating heart
Heeds not the future pang when they muſt part:
Plac'd by her ſide, or circled in her arms,
Safe in her word, and feeding on her charms;
He counts his raptures o'er and o'er again,
And owns the world knows no ſuch thing as pain.

Thus love makes all ideal elſe below,
Save its own ecſtacies of bliſs or woe.

VARRIUS.